

The contention of the two famous Houses,

2. All things is handsome now my Lord.

Suf. Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gon,
And you shall haue your firme reward anon.

Exit murderers.

*Enter the King and Queene, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Duke
of Somerset, and the Cardinall.*

King. My Lord of Suffolke go call our Vnkle Gloster,
Tell him this day we will that he do cleere himselfe.

Suffolke. I will my Lord.

Exit Suffolke.

K. And good my Lords proceed no further 'gainst our vnckle,
Then by iust prooffe you can affirme:
For as the sucking childe or harmlesse Lambe,
So is he innocent of treason to our State.

Enter Suffolke.

How now Suffolke, where's our Vnckle?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my Lord of Glosters dead.

The King falls in a sound.

Queene. Aye me, the King is dead: helpe, helpe, my Lords.

Suf. Comfort my Lord, gracious *Henry* comfort.

King. What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort?

Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voyce,
Can satisfie my greefes, or ease my heart?
Thou balefull messenger out of my sight,
For euen in thine eye-balls murther sits:
Yet do not goe. Come Basiliske
And kill the gazer with thy lookes.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had caus'd Duke *Humfries* death?
The Duke and I too you know were enemies,
And y'had best say that I did murther him.

King. Ah woe is me for wretched Glosters death.

Qu. Be woe for me more wretched then he was:
What dost thou turne away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the sea,

And

of Yorke and Lancaster.

And thrice by aukward winds driuen back fro Englands b
What might it bode, but that well foretelling
Winds said, Seeke not a scorpions nest.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke & Salisbury.

War. My Lord, The Commons like an hungry hiue o
un vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,
For good Duke *Humfries* death, whom they report
To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinall heere.

King. That he is dead good Warwicke, is too true,
But how he dyed God knowes, not *Henry*.

War. Enter his priuy chamber my Lord, and view th
Good father stay you with the rude multitude, till I retu

Salisb. I will sonne.

Exit S.

*Warwicke drawes the Curtaines, and shewes Duke Hum
frey in his bed.*

King. Ah Vnkle Gloster, heauen receiue thy soule,
Farewell poore *Henries* ioy now thou art gone.

War. Now by his soule that tooke our shape vpon him
To free vs from his Fathers dreadfull curse,
I am resolu'd that violent hands were laide
Vpon the life of this thrice famous Duke.

Suf. A dreadfull oath, sworne with a solemne tongu
What instance giues Lord *Warwicke* for these words?

War. Oft haue I seene a timely parted Ghost,
Of a shy semblance, pale and bloodlesse;
But loe the blood is settled in his face,
More better coloured then when he liu'd.
His well proportion'd beard made rough and sterne,
His fingers spred abroad as one that graspt for life,
Yet was by strength surpris'd, the least of these are proba
It cannot choose but he was murthered.

Qu. Suffolke, and the Cardinall had him in charge;
And they I trust fir, are no murtherers.

War. I, but tis well knowne they were not his friend
And tis well seene he found some enemies.

Card. But haue ye no greater proofes then these?

War. Who sees a heyfer dead and bleeding fresh,

E. 3.